

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR •



May ✠ 1944



Bishop Cushing with Mother Donohue of the Boston Cenacle and two Waves

Same Ideals, Same World

BISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING, Auxiliary in the great mission-minded Archdiocese of Boston, salutes at the Boston Cenacle local Waves dedicated to the ideals of their Church as they serve the Land of the Free.

A group of Waves asked to be directed in a week-end retreat by Bishop Cushing. The Wave session completed, he repeated the course of instructions for the Wacs.

The entrance to Bishop Cushing's office, 49 Franklin Street, is, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan spot in greater Boston. From the Solomon Islands, China, India, Africa, and the Arctic North, missionaries of the world converge, as they visit the Archdiocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith. His interest in the world-wide Church shines out in every deed of his active day.

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The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

THIS MONTH . . . In addition to war and to pestilence, **The Black Horse Rides Again** — Page 2 — this time through Kwangtung Province, in South China, and in his wake lie over one million dead. A vivid account of famine.



Sister Una

Voices Out of Manila — Page 14

— bring joy to Maryknoll Sisters.

Mention of Sister Una Murphy, of Belmont, Mass., at Baguio calls up memories to Maryknollers of her culinary prowess.

Island Outpost — Page 18 —

brings us up to date with Mary-

knoll activities in Hawaii. Father Cloutier merited Bishop Sweeney's commendation by his handling of his Boys' Home.

Moslems Do Not Like Us — Page 42 — is a fact that some

of our boys in the service have experienced. But Father Consi-

dine proves the trouble is that we have not tried to make them like us . . . Improvement of living standards arouse a note of sympathy in us all. But read **Bandits and Bushmen**

— Page 16 — to see what Belgian missionaries have done in this line on a grand scale

in Mongolia and the Belgian Congo . . . The story's the thing. Father Gardner

serves up one of his inimitable Pedro stories in **Pedro the Professor** — Page 26 . . .



Bishop Paschang



Father Cloutier

Address all communications to **THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**

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The Black Horse Rides Again

by THOMAS J. MALONE

Besides the red horse of war and the green horse of pestilence, the black horse of famine charges savagely over China. May that tortured land see Christ on the white horse of victory.

AN OLD Chinese story runs as follows: "It was famine time, and Hon Lok Ng was poor. All that he had was twenty measures of rice. One day a neighbor came to ask him for help. His wife said, 'If we give him anything, we shall die of hunger.' Hon replied, 'We shall die tomorrow, but he will die today.' He gave the neighbor half his rice."

This story could have been repeated many times over during the past year of affliction, as reports indicate that over one million people died of starvation in the once proud and wealthy province of Kwangtung, in South China. Toishan, eighty miles southwest of Canton, and Kaying, two hundred miles to the northeast, were among the regions most affected. Both are staffed by Maryknoll missionaries. Their long-

delayed letters, though brief, paint a vivid picture of the excruciating anguish they witnessed and tried to relieve.

Entire Families Wiped Out

FATHER JOSEPH LAVIN, who hails from Framingham, Massachusetts, is stationed at the little coastal town of Hoingan, a few hours by bicycle from Toishan.

In a letter recently received by his mother, he writes: "In the city of Toishan, the average death rate is at least fifty people daily. That many bodies are picked up on the streets. One day 102 emaciated corpses were carried off for burial. The present world war is the cause to some extent for this famine condition, but the real cause was the failure of last year's rice harvest and the

total loss of this year's potato crop. Many of the farmers who planted their fields so hopefully will not live to cut their rice."

Later he adds, in another letter: "During the last six months, countless thousands in the Toishan district have died of hunger. Words are unable to describe the horrors that these poor people have experienced. Entire families of five, and even some of eight persons, have been wiped out."



Father Lavin — no food where he lives

Father Robert Kennelly, of Norwalk, Connecticut, pastor in the prosperous little town of Loting, which was several days' journey removed from the famine area, reported on conditions: "The Toishan people, formerly well off, are almost the poorest in the province at present. Many have sold good homes and fertile fields to buy food, and later, hunger-crazed, they were driven to sell their children. Some of these little ones have been brought here to Loting but die because of their former malnutrition. Some of them who were sick were brought to our orphanage."

Feeds a Thousand a Day

A FEW months later he again comments on the situation: "Father Francis O'Neill, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and Father Lavin are working harder than most of us. The former is still running his soup kitchen, feeding about a thousand a day. The latter is bringing aid to the afflicted in the outlying villages and keeping his orphanage, and school functioning as best he can. Father Joseph Farnen, of Baltimore, Maryland, is down at T'in Tong, conducting another soup kitchen. Sister Richard Wenzel, of Sturgis, Michigan, and two Chinese Sisters, were asked by British Relief officials to take charge of a hospital for the destitute in the city. Father



Many, hunger-crazed, were driven to sell their children

Thomas O'Melia, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was elected chairman of the Relief Committee in this area." Father O'Melia has been in South China since 1923.

FAMINE IN CHINA

Famine might be said to be chronic in China. A survey found that, from the year 108 B.C. to the year 1911 A.D., there were 1,828 famines caused by droughts, floods, wars, pestilence, or other disasters. This would be an average of one a year. Another table gives 984 droughts and 654 floods during the last 1,900 years.

Probably the worst recorded disaster was the terrible drought of 1876-1879, which parched the vegetation of the provinces of Shensi, Shansi, Hopeh, Honan, and Shantung. Between 9,000,000 and 13,000,000 people were estimated to have died. Relief was organized but could not reach the afflicted area because of lack of communications.

The Chinese Government is fighting famine by developing bus roads and railways, engaging in reforestation, encouraging irrigation and cultivation of waste land, and inviting migration to the northwest.

Father Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Connecticut, better known as "Big Joe," has worried and worn himself thin, trying to provide for his unfortunate lepers. Madame Kung, wife of Doctor H. H. Kung, learned of his plight and has arranged with the Provincial Government officials for rice at a cost substantially lower than the market price.

Plight of the Numb Ones

IN SPITE of this help, many of his "numb ones" passed on to eternity. In order to relieve Father Sweeney for a few weeks of well-earned rest and to give him a change from his not-too-healthy surroundings, Bishop Paschang, of Martinsburg, Missouri, took over the asylum, doffing his purple to put on the apron of the attendant and take his share of the task of changing bandages and cleaning sores.

While their comrades in Toishan struggled to save their people, far up in the Kaying district, eighty miles inland from Japanese-occupied Swatow, similar conditions were reported by Bishop Ford, of Brooklyn, New York. The people of this

area were dependent on remittances from fathers and brothers in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, where they worked in the rubber forests and tin mines. With the Japanese occupation of those countries, all money from that source was cut off. A sudden influx of thousands of refugees from the Swatow area, fleeing from an inward thrust of the Japanese, caused overcrowded conditions and an upset in the precarious balance of supply-and-demand of food in Kaying. Finally, a two weeks' drought, just at the critical planting time, meant a failure of the rice crop.

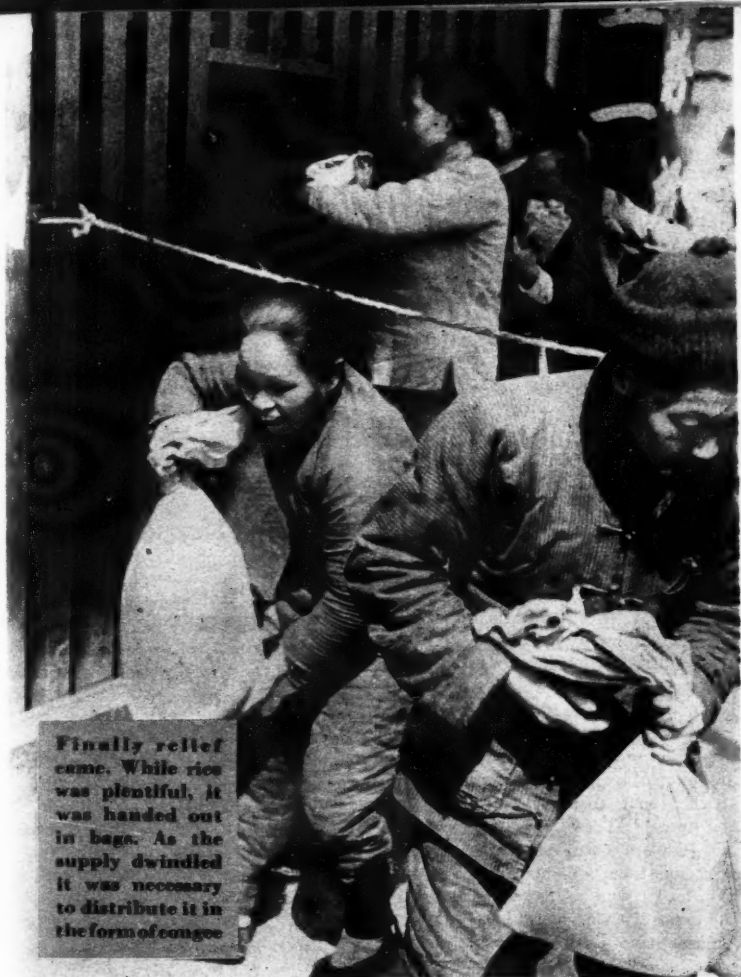
Coffin Shops Prosper

TRANSPORTATION facilities were inadequate to haul sufficient rice from Kiangsi and Hunan to stave off famine. Heart-rending scenes were witnessed by the missionaries. It took months to secure relief. Many died before it arrived. Coffin shops did ten times their usual business. On top of famine came the dread cholera, to take off those who were managing to keep alive a spark of life by eating the root and bark of young trees.

Finally relief came, and Bishop Ford writes: "The Kwangtung International Relief Committee allotted Kaying \$100,000 (national currency: about \$2,500 U.S.), and we are feeding five hundred daily. I hope to extend it to many of the parishes if the Committee can release more funds. . .

It required months to secure relief. Many of the very young and very old died before it could be provided.





Finally relief came. While rice was plentiful, it was handed out in bags. As the supply dwindled it was necessary to distribute it in the form of congee

Unfortunately the neediest cases died of starvation, but there are still thousands who need the daily bowl of congee. We formed a local committee including the representatives of the Mayor, the Refugee Association, the Chamber of Commerce,

and the Catholic Church. Father John Donovan, of Newport, Rhode Island, is chairman, and the Maryknoll Sisters, under Sister Imelda Sheridan, of Scranton, Pa., are in charge of the kitchen."

In similar strain Father William Downs

of Erie, Pa., describes conditions at Siao-lok, a day's journey from Kaying. Too far removed from the city to share in the rice distribution, his people took early to digging roots and boiling them with their scant supply of rice. Despite this, the death rate was doubled. Father James O'Donnell of Philadelphia, located in Lumchai, about four days' travel from Kaying, tells of his efforts to check an epidemic of cholera. Refugees from Swatow and Canton brought the dread disease to these ordinarily healthy areas.

Acute Relief Problem

THIS WAS the picture of suffering and sorrow that the missionaries in Toishan and Kaying had to contend with last year. Conditions have improved, and we hope the worst is over. Further news is scarce, for missionaries prefer to feed the hungry rather than write about them. We offer our sympathies to the many Chinese in this country who lost beloved relatives and friends in the famine. United China Relief has done well with the not-too-adequate funds at its disposal. Doctor Kung and other members of the Chinese Government are preparing to increase aid to the stricken areas to prevent a repetition of the disaster. These two months of May and June are preharvest periods and even in normal times are known as "starvation months." It will be hard to survive them this year without continued relief. The Chinese have a saying: "Trouble always comes double." First war; then famine. We who have been spared the horrors of both should give a thought to the brave Chinese people and murmur a prayer for them, that their harvest may be an abundant one and that they may soon see an end to bombings. And let the prayer include the courageous missionaries who have stood by them in their hour of need.



MOTHER OF GOD

FOR SOME fifteen hundred years, the world paid special honor and tribute to the Mother of God. By doing so no one ever felt that God's honor was being impaired; rather, did the Doctors of the Church declare that not only was it pleasing to God, to see His Mother honored, but that same devotion contributed greatly in increasing God's glory.

Missioners from China, Korea, Manchukuo, Japan, the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands, were asked recently: "What is the principal devotion of the people?" The Holy Sacrifice and the Blessed Sacrament were first, but in every instance, "Devotion to the Holy Mother of God" followed immediately.

May is particularly Mary's month throughout the world, but in the Church every day is Mother's Day.

Living High

by ARTHUR E. BROWN

NO OTHER MARYKNOLLER can equal the claim of Newark's Father Thomas Carey. "I have in my parish," he says, "two mountains — one 16,000 feet, the other 18,000 feet."

Most priests speak of the number of parishioners they have, or of their great debt, but here's one actually glorying in his mountains before getting down to the valley of fine points.

The reason is that the mountains play a much more important role in Father Carey's mission at Cuyocuyo than do statistics or debts. Cuyocuyo is a little Indian village situated on the floor of a Bolivian canyon, 10,000 feet above sea level, on that lofty plain, the Puna, which stretches between the central and western Cordilleras.

Seven-pound Overcoats

IT IS a region of enormous ranches enclosed by miles of fencing, where huge flocks of sheep, llamas, and alpacas graze on rocks and frozen earth.

One wonders that these animals find sustenance in the coarse ichu grass of the Puna, but not only does that reed nourish them — they cannot live without it, and all efforts to pamper them with softer portions of the earth have utterly failed. The practical value of both the llama and the alpaca is in their fleece alone,

since neither has been trained for bearing burdens. An alpaca produces four to seven pounds of fleece every second year, and has the added distinction of being a much-more-comical-looking animal than is the llama.

The altitude in Cuyocuyo — from 12,000 to 13,000 feet above sea level — is too great for the cultivation of maize. The climate — always cold, except when one is actually exposed to the direct rays of the sun — varies little between the summer and winter months. Though snow often falls, it soon disappears. In so inclement an atmosphere, only a few hardy crops can ripen, such as potatoes and various species of barley.

There are few trees in the Puna. Even gnarled and stunted trees are a rare sight along the plateaus, from one mountain range to another. Nowhere is there a forest or woodland. Even the shrubs are mere scrub; and so, as a result, fuel is scarce.

Kitchen ranges burn tufts of a large, woody-rooted mushroom-like fungus, which grows in bunches on the Andean rocks, is highly inflammable and, like the peat of Ireland, burns fiercely for a while and then just as swiftly burns itself out. No one in Cuyocuyo ever thinks of lighting a fire for warmth. The natives do not seem to feel the cold; the white people just shiver and add layer upon layer of heavy clothes.



Father Carey—mountaineer

Besides the two mountains in the Cuyo-cuyo parish, there are also some 4,400 Catholic Indians, proud descendants of the Incas. It would be nice, of course, if all of them lived in steam-heated bungalows close to the priest's house — which, incidentally, does not yet exist — but then that would hardly be a mission at all, at all. Instead the Indians live on various ledges of the two mountains, and a sick call or a mission trip means everything except the St. Bernard dogs and the neck keg. There are no roads on the mountain-side; only rocky, steep trails. Since the parish church is 10,000 feet above sea level to begin with, the missionaries are exhausted before they begin a climb.

Effects of Soroche

"JUST AS I think I have reached the top," says Father Carey, "or what I thought was the top, I find there's another

mountain atop the first one. In other words, I only reached a ledge. I remember Longfellow and the 'youth who trudged through snow and ice,' and excelsior is in my mouth if not on my tongue."

The Indians take these mountains in their stride; but for the tyro missionary, there are no thrills. The steady increase in altitude is baffling; the chill of the high thin air shortens his breath and stops his ears. Newcomers to the Puna are either quickly acclimatized, or stricken with *soroche*. Persistent sleeping sickness is the most characteristic and most generally recognized symptom of this high-altitude disease. Nervous disturbances are most manifest to non-professional observers. For example, persons who are usually on the best terms with everyone, will in a short time develop a fit of intense irritation towards all, which may last for a week or more. When recovered, the patient can-

This little Indian maid's alpaca will give her seven pounds of fleece





Father Carey finds huge shrines along Peru's mountain highways

not understand what caused his condition.

Where Garlic is Welcome

BUT the disorders produced in the digestive, respiratory, and circulatory systems are also important, though not so readily recognized as due to the high altitude. Different persons are affected differently. Suddenly without warning, one feels that death would be preferable to life. There is something in this *soroche* of the Andes that strikes down those susceptible to it. The traveler is too wretched to bother to take an aspirin, or to remember that somewhere he heard that onions are good for it, and garlic, and wine. He is a stricken creature without resistance. He has experienced nausea before, but never like this; and with a giddy faintness, he feels a profound melancholy. Whenever obsession

of mind or insomnia supervenes, there lies the danger signal, and it is time to retire to a lower level.

Father Carey believes that he and his curate, Father Anthony Michalik, of Boston, are rare creatures who have become acclimatized. They must like their new mission, for they are looking around for carpenters and masons to make the four mud walls of the combination church-and-rectory a little more habitable.

"If the Indians can stand the altitude, I don't see why we can't," said Father Carey, as he unpacked and prepared to settle down, up high in Cuyocuyo.

●
Latin America has a ratio of one priest to eight thousand Catholics. Small wonder the urgent cry for priests, especially in the bleak Andean highlands.

The Boston Reillys

by ROBERT W. GARDNER

DEVON STREET is in one of the older sections of Roxbury. Like many of the environs of Boston, it would look out of character dressed in modern finery. A row of gas lamps, like iron-helmeted policemen, dignified and from a venerable age, stood at attention along the granite curbs, and their even, soft light brought out the personality of each home.

I was looking for number sixteen. This is the home of Mr. Peter Reilly, a Boston fireman since 1908, and I wanted to talk with him for a few pleasant minutes because of the fine job he had done on directing the destinies of an outstanding family.

Number sixteen had a terrace, a gas lamp, a fine sumac tree and a large bank of snow all its own. Mr. Reilly was standing on the porch when I approached from the other side of the street.

"Better take that path through the snowbank, Father," he called.

"Oh, that's okay. I can step right across here, Mr. Reilly."

As I was pulling my right leg out of eleven inches of slushy water, and trying to swallow a word or two that would have made my Sunday-school teacher realize that she had not done a thorough job, I caught the eye of Mr. Reilly. He was watching the path that I had scorned.

Inside the house, my trouser leg assumed the contour of a very loose and very uncomfortable piece of skin, but it wasn't long before I forgot it in the thick of a lively conversation. There were many things to talk about: notably, Joe, Peter,

Frank, John, Mary, and Helen; not to mention Mr. and Mrs. Reilly, who have been at the helm of the family for these many years.

The China Reilly

THE main topic of conversation began when the family asked if I had heard anything from Father Peter, who is in Kwangsi, in South China. In the province of Kwangsi, almost sixty Maryknoll missionaries are located. At present, Father Peter is pastor of our mission in the city of Wuchow. His

last letter was a little later than usual in arriving. He had a little trouble — so he said — in mailing it.

He had been writing to his sister Helen, who works in Boston and lives with her father and mother. When the letter was half finished, a warning blew. It meant that the "little men" were on the way with a few baskets of "eggs." Father Peter made tracks for the nearest bomb shelter and sat down to watch the fireworks. When he returned, he found that the letter was gone. So, in fact, was the type-



Father Reilly, a good man
in a bombing

writer. Most of the house was gone, too.

As soon as he and the other priests in residence had put their house and the typewriter back together, Father Reilly wrote a letter home and apologized very deeply for the fact that he could not have written sooner because of a little "bomb incident." He also mentioned casually that they might, at some time, hear that the Wuchow mission was bombed, but that they should not worry, because he was out of reach of the bombs.

"It's just a part of the life here," he said, "and not half as exciting as you might believe."

Good Man in a Bombing

FATHER REILLY is a good man to have around when there is trouble—even a bombing. His years of athletics at Boston College High and Boston College have given him a fine set of shoulders; and from his father, who has been looking into the

face of danger for upwards of forty years, he has inherited a cool, calm pair of eyes which radiate confidence.

He is six generous feet of solid man, all of which came in mighty handy when one of his confreres, Father Sprinkle, had been standing inside his house at the very moment a bomb landed on it. Part of the house went up in the air, and when it returned to the earth, Father Sprinkle was under it. Father Peter, who saw the explosion from the mission bomb-shelter, began an immediate search.

He went over to the pile of rubble that had once been a dwelling and started calling. "Father Sprinkle! Where are you?"

Within a few moments a thin, muffled voice, barely audible, came from far down in the pile: "That you, Father Reilly?"

"Yes. Where are you?"

"I'm under the house. You'd better come after me with some pickaxes."

Father Peter began hauling out huge

Fragile Kwangsi villages offer pathetically small resistance to bombs



timbers and clearing away the crumbled walls with his bare hands, until help arrived. After two hours, they pulled out the very much cut and bruised Father Sprinkle.

The next letter that the Reillys received mentioned a "little trouble" but made emphatic inquiries about the Boston College football scores, and asked, "Has Auntie got her new glasses yet?"

Roast-beef Interlude

AS THE conversation progressed about the priest in China, I noticed that Mrs. Reilly was apparently waiting to ask me a question.

"Father," she said, "you've had a long trip and it's a bad night out. Would you like a nice roast-beef sandwich and a cup of coffee?"

I don't know whether I whined, or drooled like a little puppy, but the next thing I knew I was making inroads into a beautiful, big, thick sandwich with huge gobs of butter on it. Fortunately for myself, I didn't stop to think about ration points until I had downed the second cup of coffee.

Another son, Father Joseph Reilly, was visiting his parents when I arrived. He is something of a tall two-hundred-pounder with sandy hair, and is chaplain of the Deer Island Prison, just off the coast of Boston.

Mary was working in Boston when she decided that her active life could be spent to much greater advantage in a convent. At present she is teaching in one of the parochial schools in Plainfield, New Jersey. John is still a student at the seminary, but he will be ordained within a few years.

It would be difficult to find a family more completely dedicated to God and the well-being of their fellow men than the Reillys. It was the reversal of the spec-

tacular, but the quiet appraisal of such tremendous accomplishment made them impressively spectacular.

Here in this family, I thought, there is the culture of two cities: the doctrine of eternal Rome and the dignified reserve of old Boston. The tradition of Boston's priesthood is known the world over. We, of Maryknoll, have felt its influence more than casually because our beloved co-founder, Father James Anthony Walsh, spent his curacy at St. Patrick's Church, which is only a short walk from Devon Street where the Reillys live.

In the old Boston Church the germ of Maryknoll was vitalized, and the spirit of the missions is so great in that locality that priests from Boston are to be found in every part of the world. In the Maryknoll mission fields, Bostonians tally at fifty-one priests, fourteen Auxiliary Brothers, one hundred twelve Sisters, and sixty-four students.

Three-horse Hitch

MR. REILLY was the last driver of the "three-horse hitch" which pranced its way out of noble existence in 1923. He is a firm, youngish man with a full shock of gray hair, and his eyes are wide-set and calm. He is the true prototype of his robust sons.

The evening sped by rapidly, and I noticed that the clock registered well after the midnight hour. It was raining outside, and the high snowbanks were losing their hauteur.

"Good night, everybody," I said. "I'm sorry I kept you up so late."

Mr. Reilly came out to the porch with me. "Good night, Father," he said. "Come to see us whenever you are in Boston. You'd better use that path through the snowbank."

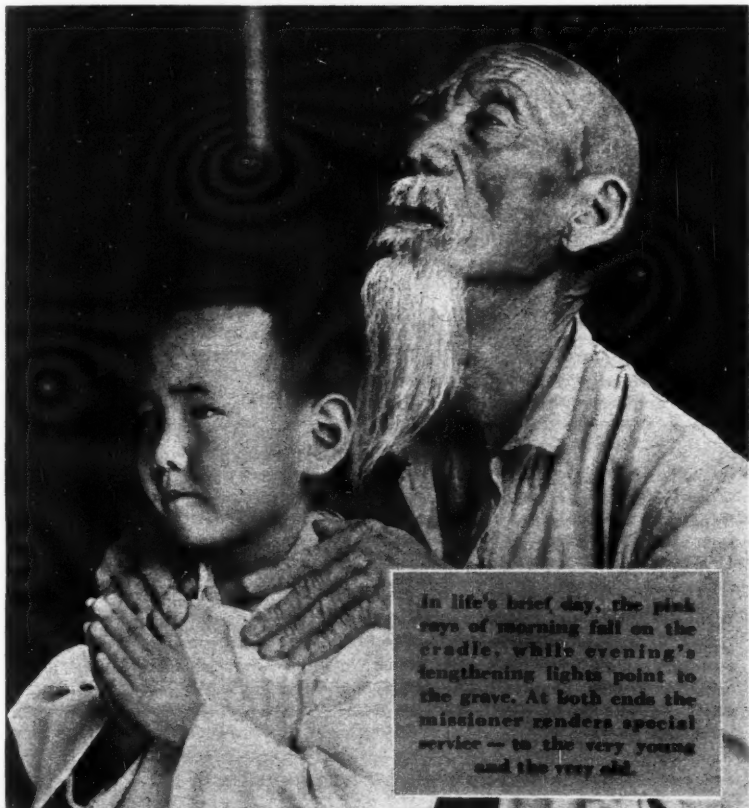
And that I did.

Very Young and Very Old

RECENTLY, a brief note arrived from somewhere in China. It contained a modest portion of a serviceman's salary. "This," he wrote, "is not very much, but I should like to have it used for the very young and the very old."

No doubt his experience in China brought him in contact with the calls of these two extremes of our needy human

family. Missioners, too, feel the tuggings at their heartstrings and the loosening of their pursestrings as they try to help. In China alone, it is not surprising to find some 600 Catholic institutions taking care of over 35,000 of the very young and the very old—a number sufficient, ordinarily, to populate a city the size of Elgin, Illinois.



In life's brief day, the pink rays of morning fall on the cradle, while evening's lengthening lights point to the grave. At both ends the missioner renders special service — to the very young and the very old.

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Presents by Ox-cart — On the Feast of the Holy Innocents, the long-awaited plane arrived, bringing our first mail and packages to this jungle outpost of Central America. Our friends both at home and here did not forget us. An ox-cart hauled our gifts through the streets. It was flanked by a multitude of hungry dogs which had picked up the scent of food, and trailed by an army of gaunt and hungry lads who instinctively knew that the beribboned and gaily colored packages indicated that the cart wasn't groaning under a load of cement. It was manna from afar that seemed to radiate its nutritive qualities across the breadth of our village. One good Catholic family sent us three chickens — two hens and a rooster. We have the facilities to raise chickens and intend to use this means of filling out the larder. Eggs are very high, and meat is scarce. At present we can get meat about twice a week, but during the hot season there is little butchering done.

— *Father John McGuire,
of Mayfield, Pennsylvania,
now in Central America*

Exploring in Fukien — I had a rather interesting experience this past summer: I discovered the sites of three prehistoric peoples in Fukien. There were lots of arrowheads and pottery, the same type that Father Finn, S.J., found on Lamma Island, near Hong Kong. Father Finn established quite a name for himself by his explorations in and around the King's Colony. His untimely death cut short a promising career. According to the esti-

mate in Father Finn's brochure, the date of this culture would be as late as the Stone Age: that is, about the fifteenth century before Christ. I have lots of other places noted for future trips, but must wait till after the war. People are too suspicious now of a foreigner walking around on hilltops, and besides I have my classes to prepare. One of the six Italian Fathers still interned here in the Seminary is an amateur archaeologist and is coaching me. It's a fascinating hobby. It takes me out in the air at least once in a while.

— *Father George Krock,
of Cleveland, Ohio,
now in Kaying, Kwantung, China*

Old-fashioned Snake-bite Remedy —

Not long ago we had our first chance to use the snake-bite kit. A youngster was brought to the house with his finger already swollen from the bite of the poisonous scorpion. We applied the tourniquet, covered the fang marks with iodine, and made a deep cross-cut incision. Father Valladon handed me the suction syringe, only to find that the cap was too large for the youngster's finger. So we had to resort to the old sucking method. I've had nicer tastes left in my mouth, but the desired effect was achieved. Father Valladon accompanied the youngster to the doctor in Cochabamba, but by that time the swelling had gone down and the poison was out. I doubt if the lad will go poking his fingers in the grass again for some time.

— *Father John J. Lawler,
of New Bedford, Massachusetts,
now in Cochabamba, Bolivia*

Call of a billion
non-Christian
souls—This bell
from an Eastern
temple, sounds
in our cloister
for every Mary-
knoll Departure



DEPARTURE BELL

TO FATHER DEFFRENNES of Fukushima Maryknoll owes special thanks for the Departure Bell, which once served a Buddhist temple and now hangs in the Seminary Court at Maryknoll, waiting for the "next group." Father Deffrennes wrote in a letter dated in 1919:

"You can't imagine how happy I was to know that my bell had sounded the hour of the first Departure! May it sound many, many! Its voice is not beautiful but the ears of apostles must get used to unpleasant sounds."

Father Deffrennes' wish has proven prophetic. The Bell has sounded "farewell and Godspeed" to every mission-bound group in Maryknoll's brief history.

MAGNANIMITY

A great army of the kingdom of Chi was on its way to attempt the conquest of the state of Lu. Within the borders of Lu, a woman was hurrying to a place of safety. She carried a baby on one arm, and led a small child by the other hand.

On seeing the soldiers, she took into her arms the child who was walking, and left by the roadside the other that she was carrying. The general of the Chi forces was greatly surprised and asked the reason for

her action. She replied:

"The child that I have taken in my arms is my sister's son. The other is my own."

The general sighed and said:

"Since even the women of Lu are so magnanimous, it is useless to think of conquering this people."

Then he withdrew the army of Chi. So it happened that the country of Lu was saved by the magnanimity of one woman.

Bandits and Bushmen

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

FEW MEN have had a wider and more diversified mission background, than Father Ernest Dieltiens of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, popularly known as the Scheut Fathers, after the Belgian town outside Brussels where its central house is located.

When Father Dieltiens went to China in 1912, he found conditions primitive. The majority of the Scheut missionaries were working in Inner Mongolia. Weather, bandits, and disease made existence precarious. Three priests who arrived in China with Father Dieltiens were dead from typhus within a year. Father Dieltiens himself caught the disease but recovered.

In 1930, Father Joseph Rutten, former Superior General of the Scheut Fathers, discovered that a Polish doctor was making a vaccine from lice which had been infected with typhus. Father Rutten brought a supply of the precious serum to China the next year. All the priests in Mongolia were inoculated, and all new arrivals were given the same treatment. There has never been another death among the priests from typhus.

Brush with Bandits

FATHER DIELTIENS was robbed by bandits seven times. As the result of one bandit raid, he suffered the loss of his right eye. Thirteen Scheut priests met death at the hands of Mongolian marauders. One of them, Father Achille Soenen, was killed in the very room occupied by Father Dieltiens.



Father Ernest Dieltiens — veteran of Mongolia, wayfarer in Africa

tiens. More than forty Scheut priests have been kidnapped.

Of note among the Mongolian missions is the "reduction" system set up by the Scheut missionaries in sparsely settled Suiyuan Province. The missionaries were able to secure a large tract of barren land and irrigated it by digging canals leading from the Yellow River. A flourishing colony sprang up. Catholics were invited to settle there, each family receiving a plot of land for home and garden. Part of the produce went to the mission towards the upkeep of the churches, schools, hospitals, and orphanages. These latter institutions are caring for more than 3,000 children.

Marooned in Africa

FATHER DIELTIENS was interned in Tientsin by the Japanese. Repatriated with the Belgian diplomats, he reached South Africa, where he was delayed seeking

clearance and passage for the United States. While waiting, Father Dieltiens went to the Scheut Missions in the Belgian Congo. There in the Kasai Mission alone, 110 Scheut Fathers and fifty Brothers care for 300,000 Christians. Schools, hospitals, seminaries, and churches are well organized. The normal schools are training 500 men teachers, all of whom are married. Maternity hospitals average about 4,500 cases a year. Ten congregations of Sisters work in the Kasai Mission.

Large seminaries have been established to train native boys for the priesthood. This work is only beginning, but already there are 123 native priests in the Congo. Thousands of boys apply for admittance to the seminaries, but only the best are selected. In the Kabwe Mission, there is a minor seminary which can accommodate 300 boys and a major seminary holding an equal number. Speaking of the native clergy, it is interesting to note that the

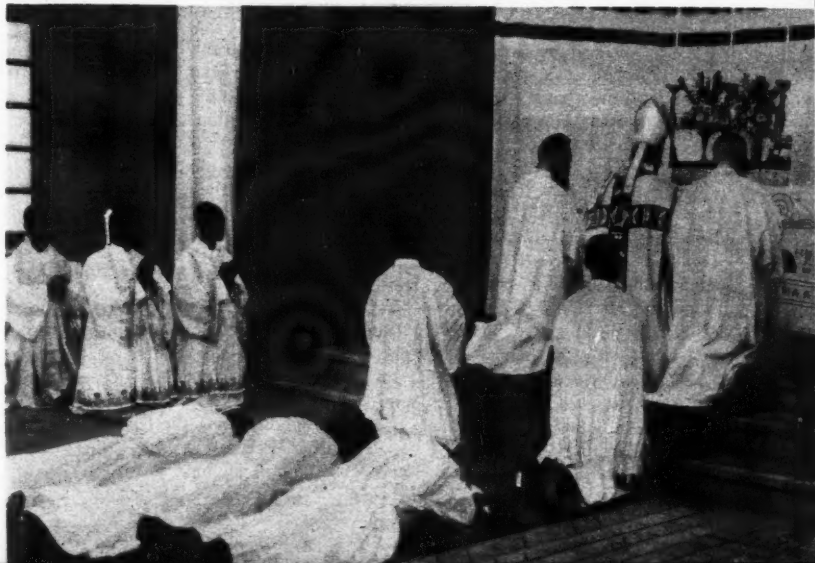
only native Mongolian priest was trained and educated by the Scheut Fathers.

Changing Congo

"WE MUST REMEMBER," Father Dieltiens reminds us, "that fifty years ago the missionaries found a pagan people who ran into the bush and hid from the white men. Cannibalism was still being practiced. Now, fifty years later, we find a flourishing Catholic civilization."

"I have seen a good part of the world of Catholic missions," he says. "They are all carrying on despite the war. Cardinal O'Connell has called America the 'hope of the missions in these tragic times.' Formerly Europe supplied over 90% of the mission personnel and substantial part of the funds. The war has halted all that. It will be many years before Europe can again return to its task. The burden has fallen upon America, and America is great and courageous enough to shoulder it."

Despite war, new sons of Africa are ordained priests in the Belgian Congo





Royal pathway to one of numerous stations where Maryknollers labor in Hawaii

Island Outpost

by CHARLES F. MCCARTHY

"I AM UNABLE, at present, to name my station, but I can say that your Sisters bake excellent cake — it really is the exact counterpart of what Mom used to bake," a soldier stationed in Hawaii wrote us the other day.

"Our convents have become a second home for the boys in the Armed Forces," Most Rev. James J. Sweeney, Bishop of Honolulu, said recently. "Instead of spending the hours of their precious leave around the gay spots of the towns, our Catholic boys make straightway for the nearest convent or orphanage. They play with the youngsters, raid the refrigerators, frequently ask the Sisters to write letters for them, and, all in all, make this their home."

Showing hospitality to boys in the serv-

ice is only one side issue. The main work of the 105 Maryknoll Sisters in the Islands is teaching school, conducting religious instruction, and doing social-service work. Some of the Maryknoll Sisters live among the plantations to be near the people whom they help and the children whom they catechize. The Sisters find a welcome wherever they go.

Pioneers Set the Pace

IN ADDITION to the Maryknoll Sisters, three other religious committees work in the Islands: The Sisters of the Sacred Hearts; the Sisters of St. Joseph; and the Franciscan Sisters of Syracuse, New York, who labor among the lepers on Molokai. Father Peter d'Orgeval, the venerable chaplain of the leper colony, by the way,

has enrolled forty of his patients as FIELD AFAR readers, because he found them interested in foreign missions.

The Fathers of the Sacred Hearts have labored in the Islands for 117 years. Theirs has been real mission life. Among the forty-six parishes, only six pastors had housekeepers up to a year or two ago, yet these priests, who did their own housework, laundry, and cooking for a century, found time to establish the Church, to minister to the faithful, and to make numerous converts.

Doing a Fine Job

THE Maryknoll Fathers invited to labor in Honolulu, began their Island ministry a hundred years after the arrival of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts, who are popularly known as the Picpus Fathers. The fifteen Maryknoll priests assigned to Bishop Sweeney were placed at his disposal so that he could put them at any priestly work of his choice, as though they were members of his own diocesan clergy. One parish — Sacred Heart in Punahou, Honolulu — is staffed entirely by Maryknoll priests, and the parochial school is conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters.

Father James B. Collins of Maryknoll is an assistant to Father Athanasius of the Picpus Fathers. For several years Father Athanasius has been building up a troop of Sea Scouts. One pagan youngster related at home the stories which Father Athanasius told at Scout meetings. An older brother, a bank clerk, became interested, received instruction, and, after being baptized, converted the rest of the family and eight other persons in a short time.

Not all the Maryknoll priests are work-

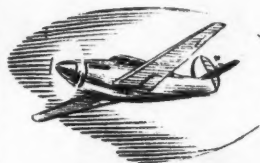
ing with parish units. Colonel Edmund C. Sliney, U.S. Army chaplain, wrote us recently: "Father J. R. Hughes is doing a fine job editing our local Catholic weekly — *The Catholic Herald*. Yesterday Captain ———, of the Army Military Intelligence, quoted Father's editorial verbatim. I see that mainland Catholic papers too are frequently quoting him." Besides being editor, Father Hughes, formerly of Philadelphia, teaches in the Junior Seminary, is chaplain of a Catholic Oriental Club, and says Masses on Sunday for the Armed Forces.

Father Halloran, formerly of Maryknoll in Korea, has been assigned to look after the spiritual needs of the 6,000 Koreans in and about Honolulu. Though his congregation isn't large, Father Halloran is kept busy and is meeting with success in making converts.

For years Maryknoll's Father Murray has been a familiar figure in the juvenile and police courts. Judges have had the habit of asking him to be custodian of young men on parole.

They Keep Me Busy

FATHER CLOUTIER is in charge of the Father Louis Boys' Home in Hilo, on the "big" island. Father Cloutier writes of his boys: "There is a great deal of work to be done to give a good start in life to these unfortunate boys. Most of them come from broken families, and they have been neglected by their parents since their early youth. So far, the results are gratifying. Eight boys have made their First Holy Communion; four brothers, all Mormons, have expressed the desire of becoming Catholics. The boys keep me busy from morning till night, since I am all



alone to take care of them. I have been unable to secure a cook. The boys and I do the cooking. Though my knowledge of cooking is rather skimpy, the boys seem to thrive. None has been ill; in fact, they are gaining weight. We wash and iron our own clothes and attend to all the housework. When the boys are free from class, this is not difficult, but on school days the housework and cooking falls upon me."

While Father Coulehan was local Superior of the Maryknollers in Hawaii, he was

called upon to act as arbiter in labor-employer disputes. Father Coulehan's efforts met with success, and on one occasion at least he received the public thanks of both groups.

If the Maryknollers have been able to be helpful to the work of the Church in Hawaii, this is due in large measure to the genuinely friendly welcome of the people among whom they live and labor and to the fine mission traditions and prudent guidance of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts.



**Top-notch students;
they must do their
level best for the
Maryknoll Sisters**



**Father John Murray
of Cambridge, Mass.,
drops in often for the
"Children's Hour"**



Voices Out of Manila

NEWs, the first in two years regarding fifty-three Maryknoll Sisters in the Philippines, was brought to the Motherhouse by members of their own community returning from Japanese-occupied countries. Their authentic report states:

"A Doctor Robinson saw our Sisters in Manila the latter part of August. Interned at Assumption College, conducted by a community of French religious, they were well taken care of. He said our Sisters were going in groups of eight to St. Paul's Hospital to attend the poor in the clinic.

"Sister Redempta sent a special message to the boat to say the Sisters were all well. Sister Isabel worked as night nurse in Santo Tomas Internment Camp Hospital and did excellent work. Two other Sister nurses were with her, but the lady who gave me the message could not remember their names. A newspaper man saw Sisters

Marcella and Miriam Thomas and said they were both very well."

A few days later, letters written by the Philippine Sisters on September 12, 1943, were received and confirmed the good news of their safety. Typical of all, is one from the Superior, who wrote:

"We are all well, thank God, in spite of the usual dengue, dysentery, and three major operations at the General Hospital.

"Sisters Andrew and Hyacinth are still convalescing at Baguio. Sisters Una and Carmencita, their companions, are well. The rest of the Baguio family came to join us at Assumption College in May."

It was further learned that St. Paul's Hospital, formerly staffed by Maryknoll Sisters, have been stripped to the bare walls, and then turned over again to the Sisters for a clinic for the poor in the Walled City, which is now a shambles.

FEBRUARY FOURTH marked the passing away of a Maryknoll pioneer, Sister Anna Maria Towle. Born in Ireland in 1864, she was not young when she joined the little group of women workers at Hawthorne in October, 1912. But she brought with her a youthful, joyous spirit, a loving, generous heart, and a seemingly infinite capacity for work — traits that marked until its close her beautiful life of service at the Motherhouse.

Her special talent was sewing — at which she was an artist — and her fingers were idle only when a fractured spine or broken bones incapacitated her. There is hardly a convent in our far-flung Maryknoll that does not bear witness to her interest in the well-being and comfort of her Sisters and her zeal for the beauty of God's house.

We recommend her lovely soul to the charity of your prayers.
May it rest in peace!



Sister Anna Maria

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



Month of Mary

THE HOLY FATHER has dedicated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. He felt its deep wounds needed the healing touch of a mother. Rent with strife and division, the sorry planet has become a nightmarish abode for its groping, frightened millions, who search it in vain for the signposts of peace. They must look higher. May they look to the Queen of Peace, who will aid them to find their peace in the Sacred Heart of her Son.

IF ALL THE WOMEN of the western world, without exception, agreed to hold in grateful veneration the one woman to whom they owe their present position of equality, we should be obliged to revise our estimate of the human race and to credit the better half of it with such rare possessions as grateful hearts and long memories. It is, of course, much to expect. Many centuries have elapsed since God used the unique status of His Immaculate Mother as a lever to raise womankind from degradation to honor, from slavery to companionship; and they are only like all the rest of us in taking this and other blessings for granted. We thank her for them, however, since we consider their elevated status a chief foundation stone of all civilization. And we do not abandon but only transfer our hope. When our mission work on the other side of the globe shall have accomplished the same result

with the same means, we confidently expect that the women of the eastern world will prove to have better memories.

SPEAKING of unaccustomed virtues, let us add to gratitude and memory the old-fashioned quality of objectivity, which deserves to rank with four-leaf clovers, white blackbirds, and days in June, as something rare under the sun. Ever conspicuous by its absence from human affairs — and often when most needed — we fear it is little likely to preside over the post-war settlement, as we note the pressure groups and selfish interests that prepare to contest the field before the war is even won. Yet never was it more needed in the world's history, and nobody should be given a seat at the peace table that will decide the future of the human race without presenting it as his first credential. Lincoln had it when he freed the slaves, and Newman cleaved to it in following the light, but those choice spirits only emphasize its rarity. Will it be present to banish hate, to dispel prejudice, to yield — as to demand — evenhanded justice, to counsel charity, to open the windows of the soul for the political bedfellows that victory assembles? Or will it be absent — and will each one cling blindly to his own prepossessions as partisan interest and diehard prejudice determine the outcome? Such is the human way, and so it has often been,

and not even the unique issue at stake is sufficient to banish fear of a repetition. That issue is the future of humanity. The mold that the world will take for the coming era is to be decided, and on it will depend the happiness of its present inhabitants and the lot of millions yet unborn. Does that mean that *objectivity* will rule? That the good of all the people everywhere must be the constant goal? Only history gives the answer, and it is not a reassuring one. We played with the fate of human beings before, and it did not cost us the sacrifice of a single interest or one dear prejudice. And no doubt we can do it again. So you can. There is really nothing to deter you except the misery of all mankind. Indeed, you can. And very probably will. But oh, the pity of it, Iago; the pity of it.

IS BASIC ENGLISH another example of the lack of objectivity that plagues our days? We do not know any reason for promoting the curious device except that the alternative is a language singularly identified with the Catholic religion and redolent with Catholic culture. Spanish is the natural international language — easiest to learn, most musical to hear, already half known by the possessor of any European language, and spread over a greater extent of the globe than any other. Missioners develop a professional interest in language study, and they are led to dabble in all sorts of linguistic experiments. They have simplified Chinese by making it more intricate than it was before, and they have reconciled all the tongues of the

Tower of Babel by devising Utopian universal languages that only created more confusion. And they long ago discovered the basic error of Basic English — or basic anything else — which is the unreal assumption that it is possible to express the most elementary gamut of human needs and human thought by a restricted list of simple words. When they catalogued the essential vocabulary of the Chinese coolie, they quickly arrived at a list of two thousand indispensable words that the most illiterate coolie requires to get through his day. Basic English would not do for coolies, and we doubt if it will contribute much to international understanding and good will. Pidgin English might be better.



THE WORLD is still very much unexplored. Its greatest inventions, best books, and sweetest melodies are yet to be captured from the air and imprisoned in reality; its noblest deeds still wait to be performed. A good peace would surpass any human act recorded in history. May the Mother of Christ share with us the peace that the seven swords could not sever — the peace

of God that floods her own immaculate soul.

How shall they believe him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent, as it is written: How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace.

— Romans 10:14, 15

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

Drama at the Mission Gate —

**War, drought, locusts force millions
in China into the rice line**





Radio Chungking flashes the story of last year's famine in Kwangtung where over 1,000,000 perished. Maryknoll's one hundred fifty missionaries in South China face huge calls for aid. Among other activities, they head relief committees in the formerly prosperous districts of Toishan and Kaying. Rich and poor, as in the photo above (taken in Central China), rub shoulders as they patiently wait for a bowl of congee.



Pedro the Professor

by WILKIE GORDON

PEDRO was standing in the middle of the old ruins of the Cathedral of San Francisco. Heavy foliage crept through the ancient walls, and the whole interior seemed like part of the forest land. It was as if nature itself was copying the Gothic architecture of some huge city church, and pedestaled saints peeked from behind the bushes that grew from the dank, molded floor. Large piles of masonry had crumbled and become overgrown with matted verdure until they took on the appearance of long-forgotten tombs.

In one corner of the old church was a small altar — Our Lady's altar — which, in startling contrast to the rest of the edi-

fice, was spotlessly clean and bedecked with the riotously brilliant wild flowers of the jungle. Pedro surveyed his work with the eye of an artist; and then, stepping forward to rearrange one of the flower pots, he was interrupted by a slight scuffling noise that seemed to come from behind one of the large, indistinct, old altars.

"Maybe it is a visitor, perhaps," Pedro addressed the statue of Our Lady as if it were a living thing, and indeed, to the tall handsome Indian, it almost seemed to be.

Pedro looked in the direction from where the noise came and then, curiosity becoming paramount, walked over to see what it was. Down in a particularly cav-

ernous section, he stopped for a moment to accustom his eyes to the half light. It was more instinct than anything else that told him that he was in the presence of some living thing.

"Oh, ho!" he said. "You are so small. Don't tremble like that; I am not going to hurt you."

The Indian reached in and gently drew forth a small-sized deer. Its dainty hooves dug into the earth in protest, and the fear in its lithe, graceful body sent tremors pouring like a rapid brook.

"Don't be afraid, *niñilo*. I will not hurt you."

The gentle persuasiveness of Pedro's voice acted like balm upon the small animal, and within a few minutes its muzzle was exploring Pedro's hand. When it tried to walk, however, Pedro noticed that the animal was wounded. There was a nasty cut at the top of its right foreleg.

"A scratch, *niñilo*, a little scratch, but we will fix that up in a minute."

Pedro continued to speak as he picked the deer up in his arms and carried it to a small stream. While he was bathing the wound, someone spoke from behind.

"So you have found him, Pedro." The voice was not pleasant, and the animal stiffened at the approach of the two strangers who had evidently seen Pedro carrying his burden. "We will take him now because we found him first."

Pedro smiled at them. He knew that they had been the hunters who had wounded the deer, but he felt very little like letting it go. The animal was too small to be considered a good hunter's prize, but there was no time to argue such a legal point.

"But he is wounded," said Pedro. "And you, Lonzo, certainly you would not like to walk in front of the people in Chica with such a small animal."

The argument did not seem to make any impression. "We do not care," said Lonzo. "We will wait until it is dark, is it not so, Carlos? Then we will eat him before morning. Ho-ho! A good joke, eh, Carlos?"

Carlos smiled his agreement and at the same time pulled out a long, vicious knife. "And the wound, Pedro, it will not hurt him," he said, "because we will cure it like this — zut!"

He made a quick drawing motion in front of his throat with the long knife, and at the same time looked at Pedro as if to indicate that the knife could just as easily be used on anyone who tried to interfere with their plans.

Pedro appeared to disregard them for a moment as he peered intently at the wound on the animal's leg. It was then that the action started.

Lonzo grasped the forelegs of the deer and started to tug at it, while Carlos stood behind Pedro with the exposed knife still in his hand. To the casual observer, the next few moments looked like a miniature eruption wherein all characters changed positions. When it ended, the two hunters were on the ground, Pedro was smiling, and the deer was standing behind a tree, licking its leg.

What actually had happened was that Pedro, who had been carefully watching the actions of the two men, saw that they were going to threaten him with the knife and then kill the deer. Of course, there is nothing wrong with hunting for deer, but Pedro had formed a warm attraction for the little beast and was not overly anxious to see its tender life terminated so abruptly.

Consequently, he rose to his feet with the speed of a striking serpent and, grasping the heads of the two hunters, bumped them together with full force and violence.

It was about a week later that a group of children accosted Pedro in his little vil-

lage of Chica. Pedro stopped, and as he did, so did the little deer that was trotting along behind him.

"Ho, Pedro," said one, "where is the other deer that you have?"

"The other deer?" Pedro replied. "I have only my little fellow here. I call him Pipo."

"But we heard that you had another one," continued the spokesman. "Carlos and Lonzo said that they had caught a huge deer — bigger than three deer put together — and that you had stolen it. They said that they are looking for you."

"Perhaps they had another deer," Pedro smiled. "All I have is the little Pipo. Look out for your hat; he will chew it up. He is a hungry little fellow; he eats more than I do, I think."

"Pedro," — the young lad had a worried look — "I think that Carlos and Lonzo are going to hurt you. Carlos had a big knife, and he was sharpening it on a stone. Are you afraid of them, Pedro?"

"Perhaps I am a little bit afraid of them," Pedro replied. "I do not like the knives when they are big and sharp."

"Do you think Carlos will stick it into you before he kills the deer?" continued the bloodthirsty youngster.

"Maybe. Let us sit down; I am tired."

In the manner of children, they immediately forgot that Pedro's person was in imminent danger and settled themselves for the story that they knew would be forthcoming.

"You know, a long time ago," Pedro began, "there were many soldiers right here where we are sitting. These soldiers came into the village to say that a new man was to be the ruler of our country and that he was a very good man. This man was so good that if anybody said any-

thing against him the soldiers would shoot him full of holes. There were many people who did not like this new ruler, which kept the soldiers very busy shooting their guns.

"Well, up at the Cathedral of San Francisco, a great many people were waiting to see the Padre, because the soldiers were riding into the farms and taking

everything they needed, and the people wanted the Padre to speak to the soldiers about this matter.

"When the soldiers saw a great many people outside the Cathedral, they thought that another army was getting ready to fight them, and so they ran up in a hurry and pointed their guns at the people.

"Just then the Padre came out and spoke to the soldiers. But the soldiers were very angry and said that if the Padre said one word they would shoot him, too. Of course, this was very bad because the people do not like to be shot, especially when they have no guns to shoot back with.

"Well, just as the soldiers were putting bullets in their guns, the Padre went into the church and brought out a large statue of Our Lady."

The children were making pantomime rifles and shooting at imaginary soldiers, but they were soundless in their efforts because they wanted to hear what happened to the Padre.

"So when the Padre came out," Pedro continued, "he held the statue up high and walked in front of the line of soldiers. And then when the statue went by, the soldiers had to take off their hats and bow down because they loved the Blessed Lady very much. Of course when their heads were bowed down, they could not shoot



their rifles, so the Padre walked up and down in front of them all morning until it was siesta time, and then the soldiers got tired and went to sleep."

It was at that time that the two hunters, Lonzo and Carlos, chose to walk down the road where Pedro was talking to the children. Pipo was nibbling at a discarded sandal.

Lonzo pushed his hat firmly on his head as if trying to hide a very obvious lump, and Carlos grinned nervously as his hand stole towards the hilt of a sheathed knife. They did not address Pedro directly, but their raised voices could be heard clearly by all present.

"Look at Pedro with the little children," said Carlos. "Perhaps he is the village nursemaid now."

"Oh, ho!" continued Lonzo, "he would look good in long skirts."

The two men were standing still now. Pedro's silence seemed to give them added courage, and they were ready to make more remarks as soon as their perennially relaxed minds could think of something to say. Meanwhile, the children were watching Pedro, and they were not pleased. Their hero was letting them down. They expected him to go after the two men and scatter them around the road like rag dolls, but Pedro remained quiet and scratched the ear of his newly found deer.

"I think we should give this Pedro and his playmates a little lesson," said Carlos, "and then we will take our deer and eat a good supper like real men."

The knife was halfway out of the sheath. It was unfortunate that one of the youngsters, more incensed than the others, chose, at this moment, to pick up a clod of earth and fling it with all his might.

It struck Lonzo squarely on the swollen part of his still-sore skull.

There was a roar of pain, and Lonzo, with Carlos at his heels, ran after the boy and cuffed him soundly. Another eruption took place. When it was over, Carlos and Lonzo were back on the ground, the boys were standing wide-eyed, and Pipo was behind another tree, nibbling at the same sandal.

"You see, my little ones, it is not good to fight," Pedro said when they had, once again, settled themselves in the shade. "You, Alfredo, you made the man angry when you threw something at him; now the men are angry at me because I had to hit them; they are also angry at all of you for being fresh kids, and the only one who is happy is my little Pipo, who did not fight with anybody."

The boys looked truly penitent for a few minutes and waited to see if Pedro's reprimand would extend any longer, and then Alfredo, looking at Pedro from the corner of his eye, said in a subdued voice, "Pedro."



"Si, Alfredo, what is it?"

"What happened to the Padre?"

"What Padre?"

"The Padre who stopped the soldiers from shooting."

"Oh, nothing happened to him. When the soldiers woke up from their siesta, there

was still another new ruler in the country — a very good man — and so the soldiers were happy and did not shoot any more people."

"Pedro."

"Si Alfredo, what is it?" Pedro was occupied with a gentle yawn.

"Is that story true, Pedro?"

"It was a very fine man who told me about it, Alfredo."

Wigwam People Don't Make Wills, But—



BUT WIGWAM PEOPLE don't have to worry about lawsuits among the heirs of the deceased. These are reserved to our haunts of civilization.

All this came back to us the other day when we received the letter which we print below. It may contain an idea for you.

"Dear Father:

"A friend of mine died several years ago without leaving a will. How surprised she would be if she could see how much trouble has resulted! There are all sorts of claims being made on her small savings, by all sorts of people. I know that she intended to make several generous gifts to charity, but death came suddenly, and her charities will now never receive anything.

"With all this in mind, I have visited a lawyer and had my own will drawn up. I know that you will be pleased to hear that I have remembered Maryknoll. The legacy is small, but I have not very much. I do wish, however, that my money will do some good after my death. There are no

banks or checking accounts in heaven. To only things we can draw on are our good works here below."

— Mrs. L. B., New York

MAKE A WILL

IT is the only way to protect your own property after your death. The proper form of making Maryknoll one of your beneficiaries is as follows:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.,* of Maryknoll, New York

..... (here insert amount of legacy).

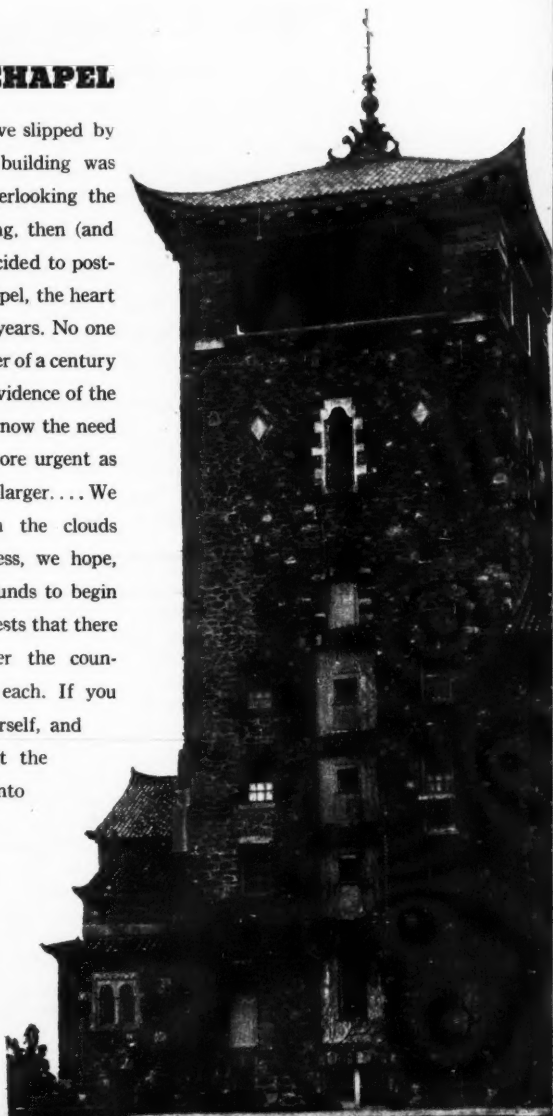
"This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated."

*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass. In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif. In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa. In Missouri, use: The Maryknoll Fathers, Inc., of St. Louis, Mo.

THE MISSING CHAPEL

OVER TWENTY YEARS have slipped by since our Seminary building was erected on Mary's Knoll overlooking the Hudson. Needs were pressing, then (and they still are!), so it was decided to postpone the building of the chapel, the heart of the Seminary, for a few years. No one dreamed that nearly a quarter of a century would roll by with still no evidence of the permanent edifice. . . . But now the need for it becomes more and more urgent as the student body grows ever larger. . . . We plan no drive, but when the clouds clear away, we shall possess, we hope, sufficient of the necessary funds to begin construction. Someone suggests that there might be 500 friends over the country who would give \$500 each. If you are inclined to include yourself, and are willing to let us await the war's end to put your gift into service, we shall be happy to hear from you.

•
The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.



World Christianity

by PETER COSMON

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND ALL OF THE LIVING

SENDING OUT missionaries to the non-Christian is not enough.

"The great need of our times," says Bishop Haas, of Grand Rapids, "is to *think* about others and to *care* about them."

The Christian theory of the universe makes it clear that helping to baptize all men is not enough, giving alms to all men is not enough. We must accept all men as brothers, and during every waking hour of our lives live in brotherhood with all men.

Strange as it may seem, many of us, though we help the missions, inadvertently fall short of the proper outlook as regards our fellow men over the earth. "Here are five dollars for your missions," an old lady said recently. "I have no use for the heathen Chinese, but I feel terribly sorry for those fine young priests who work among them."

The American Catholic Philosophical Society, which met in Chicago recently, put into a resolution the right view on Christian brotherhood. It reads as follows:

"Whereas, the only hope of a lasting peace is based on a true conception of man, which conception is to be found in the philosophical system worked out by the great thinkers of Christian times;

"And, whereas, this conception implies the brotherhood of the whole human race

in the Fatherhood of God;

"Be it Resolved: that we voice strong opposition to a peace resting on a purely secular notion of man, and show approval by all the means at our disposal of a peace wherein the inherent dignity of every human being and of every nation is given due recognition under God."

Six Rights of Man

How excellent it would be if the two billion men over the earth could be brought to live in harmony under the terms of the natural moral law. True, we seek much more: we want all men to accept the full Catholic law of life. But only after we reach intimately into men's hearts will this come about.

"This basic moral law of reason is the one principle on which we can and should unite," explains Monsignor Sheen. "It makes no difference if one be a Jew, a Protestant, or a Catholic; a Hottentot, a Mohammedan, or a Hindu; a German or a Japanese. For as Gladstone wrote, in the last century: 'The moral law is coeval with mankind and dictated by God Himself. It is binding all over the globe in all countries and at all times; no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this.'"

Here are six fundamental rights dictated for all men, not only by Christian teaching, but by the very law of reason which God has placed in men's souls:

- 1) The right to enough to eat and to the other minimums to *maintain life*.
- 2) The right to opportunity to *earn a living* for oneself and family, with ade-

quate compensation and rest.

- 3) The right to enough *education* to earn a livelihood and to live a normal life of mind and heart.
- 4) The right to *liberty* within the law in the affairs of life, in personal opinion, in government, in relations with one's fellow man.
- 5) The right to *equality*; to equal place in society without prejudice of color, race, or creed.
- 6) The right to *religious freedom*.

Each of us who is properly mankind-conscious wishes to see these rights attained not only by Americans, not only by white people, not only by nations that are friendly to us, but by every man everywhere over the earth.

Giant Santa Claus

"**BUT**," says someone, quite alarmed, "we can't feed everybody in the world; we can't be Santa Claus to all mankind."

The Popes in their encyclicals do not advocate being Santa Claus. The Popes call for social action, and world social action by

Christian society and by Christian-minded nations is the key to securing the fundamental rights for the two billion men throughout the earth.

Catholic missionaries each year perform deeds of mercy for some tens of millions of the world's needy. But each day there are, the records show, some four hundred million people on earth who, if not actually starving, have not enough to eat. What the missionary can do is only token relief in face of the sea of suffering which sweeps mankind. Only a common upsurge among all human society and the pooling of every iota of strength among

peoples of every color and creed over the earth, will relieve the colossal handicaps weighing at present on the majority of men on our planet.

Hence missions are not enough, and the Church does not intend that her vanguard of a few thousand missionaries be the sole instrument of action in her world program. Every individual Catholic must be world-minded and must engage in a multiple activity to assist his fellow man over the globe.

Prelude to the Dawn

POPE PIUS XII told us at Christmas, "The hard and cruel conditions of the present hour are nothing else than a prelude to the dawn of a new development in which the Church, with her mission to all peoples and for all times, will find herself faced with tasks unknown to other ages."

After the war we may journey by air from any one spot on earth to any other

spot in a matter of hours. There will be no strange peoples and no far lands. Pius XII's words have very great significance. They

remind us that we possess opportunities such as have been given to no other generation in the history of man.

Let us bear in mind, therefore, the full meaning of education to World Christianity: the cultivation in children, young folks, and adults, of (1) a knowledge of and regard for the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals; (2) a devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.



Knoll Notes

OUR annual blessing of the fields emphasizes belief in the fact that missionaries may plant the seed, both spiritual and vegetable, but that it is God Who produces the harvest.

Providentially the ceremony gives us a yearly demonstration of growth. In 1913, two priests, six students, and a barking dog formed the procession when the fields were blessed for the first time. Each year the lines have grown longer; until this

year over two hundred priests, Brothers, and students took part, representing in their prayers over a thousand Maryknollers stationed elsewhere.

* * *

PIGS IN THE PARLOR would be frowned on, even during this wartime when Emily Post is making very broad concessions. But a parlor for pigs has been a downright necessity. Brother William, fresh from a Korean concentration camp,

Led by Seminarian Allen, the procession winds through orchards and cornfields



has supplied this need. Electric lights, running water, modern ventilation, make our porkers the envy of the neighborhood.

* * *

"GIVE AN ACCOUNT of your stewardship."

The year's end brings examinations, both written and oral. The latter especially cause even the brilliant seminarian to "sweat it out" while waiting his turn. In addition to the usual subjects, sometime during the course, embryonic missionaries have to pass the ordeal in Chinese, Spanish, mission sociology, mission medicine, mission mechanics, and missiology.

This little pig was ashamed of his parlor, so we built him another

●

"Let's see — this one ought to have all the answers."





Father Lomasney

On the Mission Front

Auspicious Beginnings

THE FEAST of Our Lady of Guadalupe almost coincided with our arrival at our first mission

station. There was little time to prepare but we did the best we could. I said the seven o'clock Mass which was attended by only five people. Nothing discouraged, I preached in my best Spanish and with as much fervor as though there were five hundred in my congregation instead of five. I announced that there would be a special Mass at eight-thirty in honor of the Feast with a procession and services at night. My five listeners spread this news and we had a good crowd for the next Mass which Father Greene said. Father was in good voice; I, somewhat audaciously, led the choir. My organist was no help to me as she was very nervous and kept forgetting to lift her fingers off the keys. After Mass came the procession. The attractive picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe was carried in great pomp and ceremony around our little Church, and placed before the altar for veneration during the day. Everyone was pleased, including ourselves. I suppose it was one of those special graces Our Blessed Mother bestows on those who have tried to do her honor, no matter how clumsy and childish.

We were fortunate that our arrival at our new station should coincide with this Feast for we were able to win the confidence of our people from the beginning.

In the evening, our little chapel could not hold the crowd that attended the Rosary and another procession, after which we restored the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe to its accustomed place of honor.

— *Father John Lomasney, of Boston, Massachusetts, now in Central America*

Near the Hong Kong Border



Father Trube

MY STAY in Waichow and Hoifung, towns a few hours from Japanese occupied territory, was very fruitful. I was sent there to be of assistance to the Italian Fathers who had been restricted in their move-

ments because of their status as enemy aliens. In both places I met many former acquaintances, refugees from Hong Kong, who had taken up temporary residence, on their way into the interior of China. There were a couple of Wah Yan College basketball players in Hoifung, and several more in Waichow. Accustomed to modern life in Hong Kong, they felt much out of place in these inland towns. They knew very little Chinese, having been educated in the English-speaking schools of the King's Colony. Many of them worked as clerks in an office in Waichow, maintained by the British Government. I was able to encourage them and hearten them with con-

soling news of the Irish Jesuit Fathers, who were their former teachers, and gave them the little English reading matter I had on hand. The big event for me, however, was the conversion of a whole family: a very promising young man, his wife, and two little girls. I gave them their preliminary instructions in Waichow. When I returned to Shuichai they journeyed farther inland, stopping at Kukong and finally at Kweilin where they finished their instructions and were baptized.

— *Father Howard Trube,
of Bronx, New York,
now in Shuichai, Kwangtung, China*

Barnyard Bivouac

AFTER Rosary Father O'Rourke heard confessions while the remainder of our group sat about on our heels, Chinese fashion, and smoked. Then we laid our beds on the patio ground and retired beneath the stars. Those who sing of countryside calm and rural repose were roundly anatomized that night.



Father Martin

First we heard the roosters crow every two hours. We awoke to meditate on Peter's Denial. Then the pigs came to poke their moist snouts into our ears — no meditation on that. Mosquitoes power-dived; an old lady coughed herself almost to death, dogs barked and mules laughed. Then, just as we fell off to sleep, the women — God bless 'em — whose work is never supposed to be done, arose at four-forty in

pitch darkness and proceeded to kill a chicken for the Padres' breakfast. By that time, although it was still dark, we arose in self defense in time to greet some neighbors who had walked miles to attend our Mass.

— *Father John Martin,
of Milwaukee, Wisconsin,
now in Central America*

Hong Kong Repatriate in Free China

THE last two Christmases were far from happy ones. In fact, just two years ago Christmas day, in the midst of the battle of Hong Kong, I thought I should never see another one. However, here we are, thanks be to God.

In the four and a half months I have been here I have baptized over a hundred and twenty-five people. Fr. Regan, veteran missionary and my pastor, gives me the privilege of baptizing the graduates of his catechumenates and that accounts for the large number. In July he had a group of eighty-six and in October twenty-five. The rest were people in danger of death, practically all of whom died.

We have started raising chickens and ducks to reduce the high cost of living. The Sisters, unfortunately, lost all theirs through some kind of plague. The pride of our yard was also smitten but was not a complete loss. The cook spotted him going and said that if he was killed before he died he could be eaten. He was eaten!!

— *Fr. Michael
O'Connell, of
San Francisco,
in China*



Father O'Connell

Seven Faces East

by PAUL ROBERTS

IT WAS my strange, good fortune to be near at hand on the bright summer afternoon in 1939 when "Father Foto" snapped a departure group of seven Maryknoll Sisters just before they entrained for San Francisco, their port of embarkation for China and Japan.

The other day, by chance, I happened on the developed "snap," and recognizing the gala band of several years ago, made it a point to find out how they had since fared. I learned that no two were now in the same place, and that all, in a brief space, had lived long lives — one, even to completion.

Sister Agnes Virginia is somewhere along the river's edge in Wuchow, Kwangsi, having only recently been bombed out of the convent chapel where she and two other Sisters had gathered the orphan children during the worst air raid yet visited on that besieged city. Their miraculous escape was attributed to their having moved close to the tabernacle. From their makeshift quarters, the Sisters continue to feed the long line of refugees.

Double-duty Medico

AMERICAN flyers have made Kweilin a fairly safe spot in China. Hence the influx

Front, left to right: Srs. Agnes Virginia, Antonia Maria, Joan Marie, and Margaret Marie. Back, left to right: Srs. Julia, Maura Bernadette, Camilla



of refugees, practically all of whom are desperately in need of a doctor, for both body and soul. In filling this double role, Sister Antonia Maria, M.D., goes at top speed twelve hours a day. She has set up dispensaries at the North and South Gates of the city, and while plying her way between the two, stops off to attend her bed-ridden patients. It is reported that she is doing much good for the Church in general, and for the destitute poor in particular. Recently she helped in stamping out a cholera epidemic.

Down Kaying way, Sister Joan Marie leads the ideal mission life. It is in this section of China that each Sister, accompanied by a native catechist, travels the high road and the rice fields for a month at a time, going into the homes of the natives, living with them, instructing, and preparing them for the Sacraments.

Song of Bernadette

BORN of Chinese parents in San Francisco, Sister Margaret Marie has inherent rights, as it were, in bringing the Faith to less-fortunate Chinese. In the bombed and shelled Yunghui section, she is training native girls for the Sisterhood. The mighty importance of this task has been proved time and time again during this war, in areas where missionaries have had to withdraw temporarily and leave their flocks in the hands of native priests and Sisters.

Unobtrusively, and surmounting more than language difficulties, Sister Mary Julia found a way, bullet-riddled though it was, to reach Free China's interior. Presently she and another Sister were chosen to open the first Maryknoll convent in Hingning.

The only interned member of the distinguished group is Sister Maura Bernadette, in Manila, Philippine Islands. Like her namesake of Lourdes fame, the Brooklyn maid also has a "song" to sing, as she goes about in St. Paul's Hospital, exercising the charity of Christ, still the most powerful weapon in winning souls.

Died upon Return

ON LAST December first, Sister Mary Camilla, R.N., returned as a repatriate to this country. After a very brief illness, she died quite suddenly. A few words from the eulogy preached by Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll best tell her story:

"Sister Camilla spent four years as a very zealous missionary in Japan. She was a very good student of the difficult language, and had been selected to take care of a projected future work, a home for crippled children. . . .

When she came home, she wished very much to see the day when she might return to her mission country, but God in His infinite wisdom judged that she had already fulfilled a significant mission career."

The Maryknoll Sisters,
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

I am enclosing herewith \$..... to be used by Maryknoll Sisters for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name.....

My Address.....

I will send, as long as I can, \$..... each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister. (\$1 supports a Sister one day. There are 675 Maryknoll Sisters.)

Friends in the Service

Father O'Neill — Neighbor

A SECOND HOME to almost every Maryknoller has been, since the earliest days, the lovely little Church of St. Augustine in the village of Ossining. Among the priests from whom we have had countless pleasant visits was Lieutenant William R. O'Neill of the Marines in the South Pacific.

Our neighbors "down the hill" speak of him with the unfeigned pride that has its root in deep affection, and they pray — as do we here on the Knoll — that he will soon be back with us in the same church and among the same friends.

While he was in Ossining, Father O'Neill had the delightful custom of including a generous expression of affection for Our Lady in the full complement of his parish duties. It was not surprising to us, therefore, when we heard that while he was on Guadalcanal, Father O'Neill's Fourth Battalion, to a man, wore the medal of Our Lady and recited the Rosary daily.

Just after the Marines had won the battle of Tarawa, Father O'Neill celebrated the sad Requiem Mass for the boys who had died for the victory. He commended their brave bodies to the soil of the far-off island and commended their souls to the care of his beloved Lady.

And More Neighbors

SPEAKING of Ossining, news seems to be centered around home base this month. In the mail room, where THE FIELD AFAR is stamped with your name and sent off to you, several young ladies from the village are engaged in seeing that the magazines reach their proper destinations.

As one of the Fathers was walking through the room a short time ago, one of our helpers, Miss Valeria Julianio, said, "Father, my brother Joe is going into the Army next week."

"That's fine, Valeria," Father said. "I hope he is a major pretty soon."

"Gee, I hope so, Father. You know, Father, the house is pretty lonesome now with the boys all gone."

"How many are in the service, Valeria?"

"Joe makes the seventh."

"What?"

"I said, Joe makes —"

"Yes, I heard, Valeria, but I just couldn't believe my ears for a minute."

Father O'Neill—Ossining's hero curate



Seven fighting sons is the present and standing record of the Julianos. They have completed the roster of the male portion of the family.

The family makes an impressive list: Pvt. Paul is the senior. He is at Fort Custer, Mich. Then there are Pfc. John in the engineers in Africa; Sgt. Pasquale, a member of the tank corps in England who has been in three major battles; Pfc. Raymond at Camp McKane, in Mississippi; Marine Pfc. George, in the Marshall Islands; Sailor Carmen somewhere on the high seas; lastly, Joseph who, all tests passed, is waiting for the final message that will send him off to join his brothers.

Aquatic Captain Long

WHEN a small boat capsized about a mile and a half off the shore of an island in the South Pacific, three soldiers were spilled into the water. Captain John Long, of the U.S. Marine Corps, donned a rubber life belt and started to swim for the scene of action. It was in the dead of night and Captain Long had only the faint call of the men to guide him.

Two of the soldiers were fine swimmers and were able to make the shore under their own powers but the third expended his strength rapidly in the fast rip-tides.

Grasping the soldier firmly, the Captain struck out for the shore but in a short time, he noticed that he was fighting a losing battle against the tide. So, securing the life jacket around the soldier, so that he would remain afloat, the Captain swam towards the beach to secure help.

Long exposure in the water cramped the muscles in his legs and it was only with the utmost coolness and courage that he was able to remain afloat until a boat arrived and picked up both men.

Captain Long, who is a Californian recently requested, through his wife, that he



Captain Long — he had a long swim

be made a life Member of Maryknoll. We are proud to welcome him into the Maryknoll family.

Ferry Pilot in India

CAPTAIN FRANK HAROLD PASCHANG, of St. Louis, Missouri, a Ferry Command pilot in New Delhi, India, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal for gallantry in action in ferrying supplies over the Burma Road. On one occasion he was rescued after being forced down less than three miles from a Japanese garrison. Captain Paschang's uncle is Most Rev. Adolph J. Paschang, Maryknoll Bishop of Kongmoon, in South China. Part of the Kongmoon territory is occupied by the Japanese. The Bishop resides in free territory, in one of the mission stations, from which he directs his large staff of priests and Sisters.

Kongmoon, like the Burma Road, has sustained a long series of bombings.

Moslems Do Not Like Us

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

EL GLAUI, Pasha of Marrakech, in Morocco, recently told an American writer: "Strange as it may seem to far-off American policy-makers, the fact is that the Moslem world does not want the wondrous American world or the incredible American way of life. We want the world of the Koran."

It will do Catholics, who wish to give Christian ideals to all men, a great deal of good to keep in mind this abiding hostility of many great cultural areas of the globe to the things which we assume to be life's choicest possessions. At bottom, it is not merely that they do not like our faith and our way of life; it is rather that they resent the proposal that we would take away from them *their* faith and *their* way of life.

The key to the situation is a proper appreciation of how much all peoples prize their cultural possessions. Take the Moslem world as an example; after a moment's contemplation of it, we understand why these peoples heap such scorn and anger on Christian peoples. Our failure to explain our true aims is our supreme error.

Our popular notion of the Near East is of a congeries of sleepy lands, marked by oceans of sand, motley villages, the rearing date palm with "its feet in water and its head in hell," and supercilious camels. But it is not so to the Arab and his brothers.

Rulers of Yesterday

THE Moslem world is unremittingly conscious of a great past. It does not return to the antiquity when Egypt, Assyria, and Persia were world powers. It merely recalls

the period of seven hundred years, from the eighth to the fifteenth centuries, when the lands of the eastern Mediterranean dominated the civilized world of the West. The Moslem empire once ruled from the Pyrenees, in Spain, to the Oxus River, in central Asia. Even after it met with political reverses, its various nations remained powerful. Near Easterners are driven to fury to see nations of the West regarding their lands today as mere pawns in a scramble for empire.

Proud Fellahin

FURTHER, the most wretched *jellahin* (the serfs of the landowners) and the most ragged Bedouins of the desert all have a profound conviction that the world to which they belong is culturally supreme among the peoples of the earth. They individually are ignorant, they will say, but their heritage, even though it has been withheld from them, is rich and precious.

And they are right. Medieval Moslem civilization was brilliant. Universities were founded in Cairo, Baghdad, and Moslem Spain long before they were in the Christian West. The Arabs were Greek classicists before Western scholars became so. Craftsmen from Syria to Persia achieved miracles in glass, copper, and silver; while medicine, chemistry, astronomy, and physics were well developed. Arab literature flourished, as did law and government.

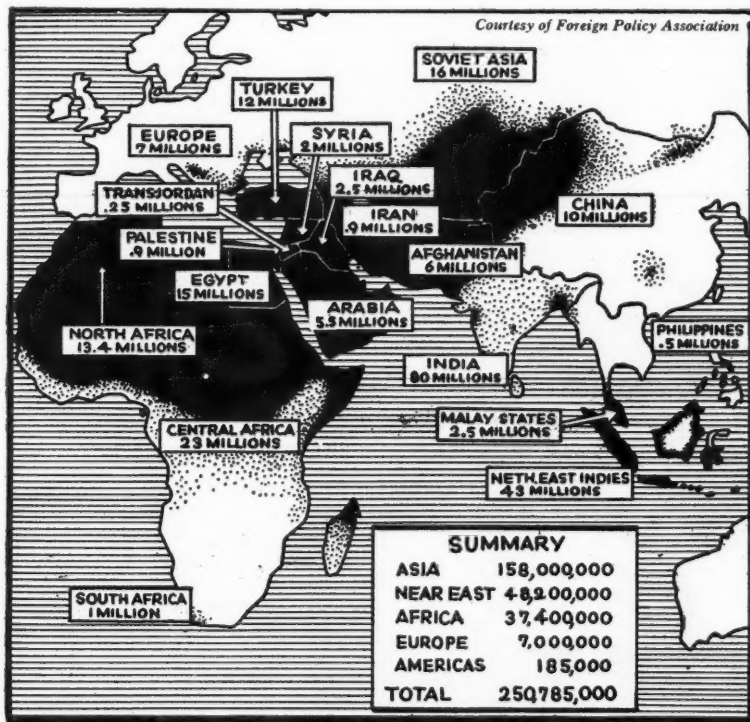
There is no great point in our insisting that today much of their heritage lies in decay. Much wiser and much nearer to reality is it for us to accept the Moslem peoples as potentially as great in material

things as ourselves, while in the powers of the mind and the spirit they are our equals.

We are privileged to possess Christ. Perhaps if we as Christian nations could win the friendship of the Moslem nations — if we could convince them that we regard them not selfishly, not as the object of conquest but as the objects of fraternal living — we could get sufficiently close to them to lead them to contemplate Christ with unprejudiced mind; we could persuade them to crown their cultural possessions with Christianity. This is the true

aim of the properly informed Christian. He seeks to take away nothing of real worth from the Moslem but, as brother to brother, to complete his possession of truth and beauty.

It is fundamental to remember that the Moslem worships the true God and that he hates the Christian because he believes the Christian offends against the true God. We must assume it to be our task, not his, to set him right. Our best start, after we ourselves have learned properly to love the true God, is to respect the wealth of





earnestness and dignity and nobility which, despite his errors, the Moslem puts into the worship of God.

One of the most effective bits of Nazi propaganda among Moslem peoples has been the stately and sonorous rendition of passages from the Koran in each day's Arab-language broadcasts to Moslem lands. This has been merely a political stratagem, but it pleases the Moslem to find his religion respected. We shall get nowhere by acting imperiously and superiorly and disdainfully. We must recognize the good that is present, and explain humbly and prayerfully to the Moslem that God wishes to add more good.

Kind Villager is Punished

SOME thirty-five hundred Catholic missionaries labor today among the Moslem. With all thoughtful priests, Brothers or Sisters in Moslem lands, the foregoing paragraphs represent the burden of their song. Many of them have suffered severely from the harshness and fanaticism of the Moslem. The first White Father to enter the borderlands of the Sahara asked a villager for a drink of water, and in pity the man gave it to him. But the local mullahs discovered the deed, and they forced the villager to empty every drop of precious water from his well into the sands five times in order to purify it. The answer to such hostility, however, is not arrogance, but understanding.

Books

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS



FIRE, famine, flood, festivals, farm projects — all have a place in the missionary's full day, and his letters tell strange tales of how he brings Christ to the nations of the East.

☐ January, 1942, 50¢

THIS Pearl Harbor issue carries first accounts of the effect the great war is having in the mission field. Hawaii, Philippines, Hong Kong, South China, Chungking, Seattle — all are touched on in these letters.



☐ Fall, 1942, 50¢



knollers in Latin America.

AFTER Pearl Harbor, diaries and letters were delayed, but many details were revealed later by repatriated missionaries and are included in this volume. Here also are a few of the first letters from Mary-

☐ Vol. I, 1943, 50¢



THE bulk of these letters are from South America; the rest from China, where work goes on in some sections amid the horrors of war and elsewhere in tranquility.

☐ Vol. II, 1943, 50¢

SUBSCRIPTION for *Maryknoll Mission Letters*, 1944. Two volumes will be published during the year and mailed to you when ready.

☐ 1944 Subscription, \$1

MEN OF MARYKNOLL

By Father Keller of Maryknoll and Meyer Berger of *The New York Times*. Stories of what young Americans from all walks of life are doing in the troubled corners of the world. Factual chronicles more thrilling than fiction.



☐ \$2

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

Maryknoll P. O., New York

Name

Address

YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick, 2,180

Persons deceased, 968

Persons in the service, 1,060

Other intentions, 3,889



Bishop Escalante makes this comic magazine fit his Manchurian audience

A Magazine Did It

by JAMES KELLER

ONE WARM, sunny afternoon in the late spring of 1915, the boys in the eighth grade of St. Joseph's School in New Rochelle, New York, were up to their usual tricks. While the teacher, Sister Winifred, was out of the room, the leader of the rebellion, "Chink" Romaniello, a short, stocky Italian boy, was about to let an eraser go at the head of his erstwhile opposition. The classroom door opened and Sister Winifred stood framed in the doorway.

The room suddenly became quiet. As Sister Winifred made her way to the front of the classroom, young Romaniello stole carefully back to his seat. But Sister's keen eyes had taken in the whole scene. Calling

the boy to the front of the room, she gave him a good reprimand.

"And to teach you better manners for the future," she concluded, "you can go and sit in the cloakroom for the rest of the afternoon. And lest you get into more mischief, you had better read this." She had picked up the first thing she could put her hand on. It was a worn copy of *THE FIELD AFAR*. "Maybe it will make you realize what priests and nuns over the world have to put up with for the likes of you."

Finding nothing to do, "Chink" decided he might as well look at the pictures in the magazine Sister had given him. As he turned the pages, he became more

and more absorbed in the stories.

After school had been dismissed, Sister Winifred called him back into the room. "And now what do you think of yourself?" she asked.

"I think maybe I'll be a missionary, Sister," the boy answered dreamily.

* * *

TODAY an outstanding figure of Kweilin, China, "Monsignor Moonface" is a broad smiling missionary, whose friendly eyes smile through silver spectacles. Children run after him as he walks down the Kweilin street. Coolies stop their work to greet him. Countless refugees call blessings upon him for his many charities. To all of them, he is the American priest who stayed with them in their hour of trouble. He is their real Spiritual Father.

He is also Sister Winifred's plaguey Romaniello boy, twenty-nine years later.

* * *

A LARGE NUMBER of the young men who come to Maryknoll to train for foreign mission work, have come through our magazine, *THE FIELD AFAR*.

Here is one example:

A young boy was running to catch a street car in Denver. It was a windy day. A sudden gust of wind drove a piece of paper against the lad's leg. He glanced at it and saw that it was a page from *THE FIELD AFAR*. How it came to be blowing about the Streets of Denver, we shall never know. We do know, however, that the young boy who read it came to Maryknoll and is today Father Daniel McLellan.

The point of these two stories is obvious. Pass your copy of *THE FIELD AFAR* along. Leave it where others may see it. Who knows but that you may be instrumental in sending other Monsignor Romaniellos and Father McLellans to Maryknoll.

Three-Minute Meditation

"Going therefore teach ye all nations . . ."

SOME time ago a former Chinese Ambassador to the United States, Dr. Hu Shih, gave an address at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City. In it he referred to himself as a "heathen." Then he went on to pay a singular tribute to Christianity, because of the extraordinary service rendered by missionaries to his people. He emphasized how the Christian ideal of love for all mankind is the only one strong enough to inspire men to leave their homes, even at the risk of their lives, and go to all parts of the world, including his own. He called the religions of the Orient — Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, and so forth — passive. They teach interest in self, not sacrifice for others. One never hears of men, because of these religions, going out over the world as missionaries to help their fellow men, the Ambassador continued.

He then made an eloquent plea for the spread of Christianity and said that Christ told His followers to bring His blessings to *all* nations, and not to "hide their light under a bushel." This is one more proof that we have the "cure" for the world — and yet do far too little about it. Even those who call themselves "heathen" beg us to "go to all men" as Christ commanded.

For many years, only a few hundred missionaries have been leaving Christian lands to help those still in paganism. But the day can come and must come when many thousands of "other Christs" will be going out each year over the world to bring peace to all nations. The peace of the world is in our hands. Will we meet the challenge?

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

Maryknoll Want Ads.

The Dignity of the Mass demands that it shall be celebrated with proper ceremony. When any needed thing is inadequate, something is lost from its impressiveness. Various Maryknoll missions have asked for the following: vestments, \$25 a set; candles, year's supply, \$300; an organ, \$500; Missals, \$30 each; charcoal and incense, year's supply, \$30. Will friends supply these needs?

Cholera, Smallpox, Typhoid — dreadful scourges for the unprotected, easily conquered by those who have serum. Epidemics follow armies. We need to send \$200 for these medicines to China at once. Who will pay for them — or for part?

Missioners Work. They raise vegetables for food. Some build the stone walls or cut the wood for their churches. They need not only vestments, but work clothes — overalls, and tools. Right now, jungle missions in Bolivia, Peru, and Central America need five outfits. The cost will be \$25 each.

Bag It! In certain of our tropic missions, a moisture-proof garment bag is a real necessity, to protect altar cloths and vestments from insects and the climate. Such a bag costs \$3. Why not make a gift of one?

A School needs first a teacher and pupils — then four walls and a roof — and then desks. Maryknoll missioners operate many schools, all over the world. Junior school desks average \$5 in cost. We can use

as many as we get funds to pay for!

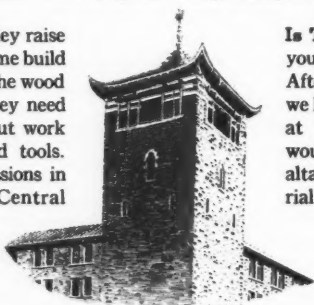
When She Saw the white spots on her skin, she knew at once what they meant. She stole silently from her home, and to this day her husband and children have not dreamed that she has become a leper! We can buy food and medicine for her — if someone will provide only \$5 a month. Who will?

Like the Soldier, the missioner travels on his stomach. He travels so much, and through such wild country, in South America, that he needs a camp cookery outfit, priced at \$20. We ask friends to help us buy two such outfits.

Is There Someone for whom you wish to erect a memorial? After the war we shall build, we hope, the permanent chapel at Maryknoll. Perhaps you would like to donate a side altar and place on it a memorial tablet with your beloved's name. These altars cost \$500.

Catechists Must Live! Even the most devoted and single-minded of teachers get hungry. Two at Sun Wui, in South China, need \$15 a month each for subsistence. Solve this problem for them — set them free to train young Christians!

Lifesaver! Iodine for cleansing wounds, of which there are now so many in the Kweilin Mission. \$5 worth may save a hundred useful lives. To give that much would be an act of memorable mercy!



CHINA NEEDS each month

- \$5 for support of a leper
- \$5 for support of a blind child
- \$5 for support of an orphan
- \$5 for support of a refugee
- \$5 for support of an old person
- \$15 for support of a native seminarian
- \$15 for support of a catechist
- \$15 for support of a native Sister
- \$15 for support of a native priest
- \$25 for medicine for a dispensary
- \$30 for maintenance of a Maryknoll missionary
- \$50 for food for the mission rice lines

We cable money regularly to Free China, to support the 150 Maryknoll missionaries, their refugees, and their missions.



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A **War Bond**, bought and given to Maryknoll as a stringless gift, will help our country and will help the Maryknoll missions. Purchase *Bond Series F or G* in the name of our special corporate title:

Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.

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Hi, ho! Hi, ho! Off to work we go! These five Chinese school girls, with long-handled sickles by their sides, head for a day in lush rice fields, happy that God is replacing want with plenty.

The missionary, too, smiles at a plentiful harvest, but where are the helping hands? Pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers. If YOU can go, write to: VOCATIONAL DIRECTOR, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

